

LEAVES FROM
THE JOURNAL
OF A MEDICAL
MISSIONARY



MRS. ANNA K. SCOTT, M. D. SWATOW, CHINA
Author of "Korno Siga."

Woman's Baptist Foreign
Missionary Society of the West

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1904

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SWATOW, CHINA, NOV. 15, 1889.

OW strange the Providence that has brought me to China instead of returning me to my former work in Assam! Circumstances which I could not control made it seem my duty to turn my face to the medical work in Swatow—a work left vacant for five years by the illness of my predecessor, Dr. C. H. Daniells, and her enforced stay in the home land.

Swatow is a beautiful spot and the missionaries have given me a most cordial reception, I trust I may have health and wisdom to do the best work of my life here.

FEBRUARY 18, 1890.

What a “petrified fixedness” characterizes the Chinese! Religion, philosophy and medicine stand just where they stood a thousand years ago. It is a mystery how they have contrived to change so little in a world so full of changes. They never give one a reason for a rule of conduct, but simply say, “It is our ancestral custom.” They never once think they can do a whit differently

from their forefathers. It is pitiable to witness their fear of demons. They prefer to be closely crowded into small rooms where there can be no space left for demons. They say there is a demon for each eight feet of space—hence if eight people can be crowded into that space no demon can enter.

Practicing medicine in China is no kid-glove work. I found patients awaiting me when I arrived in Swatow, and I have been very busy at that kind of work every day since.

Feb 25th—I make my first country trip and visit the great city of Chao-Chow-Fu. The teeming masses of people unchristianized and grossly heathen impress me deeply. The loathsome diseases are everywhere rife and appeal to one's sympathy.

June 20th—To-day I received the joyful news that my only daughter is to come to Swatow to engage in evangelistic work for Chinese women and girls. May her coming be a blessing to this people. The Bible woman's work commenced here by Miss Fielde has been a very successful part of our Swatow mission.

Oct. 17th—To-day, in company with Mr. d Mrs. Foster I start for a country trip to visit all the mission stations in our Kit Yang region. At each place I hope to attend the sick, while Mrs. Foster and the Bible women talk to the women and children of Jesus and

the "true doctrine." One object in this extensive visitation of the Kit Yang region is to select a suitable place for the erection of a hospital. Our hospital at Swatow is too far away to meet the needs of the vast population of this part of our mission field.

October 22nd—I am thronged with patients on every hand. Among them is one poor woman who has two immense abscesses. She is wasted and near death's door. I hardly know whether I can help her or not. I lanced the abscesses and drew away nearly four quarts of pus! I left her remedies internal and external. She is a heathen woman and listened well to the story of the Great Physician.

Oct. 23rd—At Kit Yang I treat many patients at our chapel and some by the wayside. Two small rest houses on each side of the river were built, I am told, by a former Mandarin whose wife is buried on a hill overlooking Kit Yang city. He desired the aid of her spirit in deciding court cases and so built these rest places that her spirit might not grow too weary before she reached the Yamen where her husband was trying difficult criminal cases.

Oct. 25th—Spent Sunday at Kie-Than where good old Lotus lives. She was formerly an interpreter in the temple of heathen gods. She had her tongue split that her voice might be made more impressive. She has for years been a devout follower of the Saviour and is doing all she can

to bring up her numerous descendants in the ways of truth.

Oct. 26th—At Knang Po I visit a woman who had been treated for a serious malady in my hospital, and find she has cast aside her idols and now believes in the true God. Our trip ends to-day—I have treated about 500 patients and visited fifteen of our mission stations.

Nov. 6th—With great joy I have this day welcomed my daughter Mary and Miss Dunwiddie and Miss Campbell to Swatow. Our Woman's Society of the West is doing a grand work here. The single ladies they send out are a very important factor in our work for Chinese women.

Dec. 5th—The Fosters and I are off for another country trip. This time we are to visit the great and wicked city of Chow Yang, where I hope to open a dispensary. The gospel has made slow progress here, as the city is wholly given to idolatry. We hope medical work in the name of Jesus may soften hard hearts and make the people willing to accept the Great Physician as their helper.

Dec. 12th—At one village where we went to-day a Chinese theatre was in full blast. They stopped the performance and came out, actors and all, to see the "foreign devils" as they called us. Mr. Foster did splendid work in preaching to them Jesus and the Resurrection.

Dec. 25th—At home. We enjoyed im-

mensely having our whole force of missionaries with us for Christmas dinner.

January 1, 1891.

Have just learned that the heathen woman I operated on recently for entropion is now a believer and rejoices in spiritual sight as well as temporal.

Feb. 18th—Visited Kit Yang and got my dispensary in good working order. I trust this beginning of work here may prove one rich in blessings in the conversions of many souls as well as in restored health to suffering bodies.

Feb. 28th—This has been a very busy day; many patients and some who have been deeply interested in the story of salvation. Am not sleeping well as the rats run over my bed all night, and were it not for my mosquito net they would gnaw my flesh. One very pitiable case of an old man who came to have his eyes cured:—it was a hopeless case and I could only tell him of the perfect sight he would have in the heavenly land if he accepted Jesus as his Saviour. The glad smile that played over his before hopeless countenance, did my heart good. At four o'clock this afternoon I went to visit a haunted house. The owner of it committed suicide several years ago and no one dares to occupy it since. The grounds about it are large and fine, but the house looks like desolation itself. The Chinese tell me that demons, big and little, hold revel here

every night. My Bible woman tells me that houses are made to appear haunted sometimes when a man wishes to get a cheap house, he will catch a number of frogs and sew up their mouths and place them in various places in the house, the owner knowing nothing of his scheme. The unearthly noises made by these frogs is enough to make any one's blood run cold. The owner hastily sells the house and the new owner rejoices in his fine bargain. It is but the work of a few moments to kill the frogs.

May 6th—In the Swatow hospital to-day a woman came who had been cruelly beaten by her opium smoking husband. Her little babe died when only three days old. The same day her husband demanded of her a good dinner and quickly cooked. He had used all their money for opium and she had none wherewith to buy eatables. She was weak and miserable and did not succeed in pleasing his lordship, whereupon he beat her most cruelly. I am trying to patch her up so he will not leave her and buy another wife.

May 10th—Made another trip to Kit Yang—many patients, much hard work, many rats and many sleepless nights. It was profitable time spent, however, so far as my medical work was concerned, and I can put up with fatigue for the sake of helping the suffering masses.

Sept. 1—Have been quite ill, was obliged to go to Double Island for about six weeks for a lit-

tle rest and change—the first I have had since arriving in China, Nov. 15, 1889.

Sept. 23rd—Swatow was visited with a very destructive typhoon, which sadly marred the beauty of our mission compound and greatly injured the houses and mission boats.

Oct. 30th—Many patients in the Swatow hospital and many interesting cases. One old lady who has had many trials and persecutions since she become a christian is a model of cheerfulness and her example is proving very beneficial to all the other patients. Twenty-one were baptized at our last communion season.

Nov. 15th—I have visited Kit Yang fortnightly and am to-day opening a dispensary at Chow Yang. If by my stay in China I can open a good hospital at Kit Yang and start a successful work at Chow Yang in addition to establishing a permanent work in our Swatow field, I shall feel that my coming to this land has not been in vain.

The Chinese as a people are much more self-reliant and independent than I expected to find them, and they have energy and patient endurance. There is nothing of the abject and servile in their make-up. They are justly called the Yankees of the Orient. The converts, like those in Assam, do not object to being coddled if perchance they can find a coddling missionary, but when thrown upon their own resources they show an iron will in overcoming all obstacles to their

success. They are thrifty and industrious. The foundation of this Swatow mission has been laid by wise master-builders, and the fruits of their thorough substantial building are everywhere apparent. No worthless decayed material has been used here in order that a big structure may greet the eye and call forth the praise of men. The rock, Christ Jesus, is its foundation. The Bible is its rule of conduct and belief. China has, in the inscrutable plans of the Almighty been kept back until the present era. The days of extreme conservatism and bigotry are now passing away and a brighter day dawns for the land of Sinim.

Oh, this Chinese language! So difficult and yet so fascinating! Shall I ever be able to use it better than my present poor stammering tongue? Medical work in China is hard on the doctor. My great joy that buoys me up while among the lepers, the scrofulous, and the hundred other loathsome diseases is that it gives opportunity to lead them to the Great Physician.

There is this advantage in the medical work over the evangelistic—the people eagerly seek the doctor, while the evangelist must seek the people. The healing of the soul is infinitely more important than bodily healing. It was for this soul-saving work that I left my medical practice in Cleveland and came so far away from friends and native land.

January 1, 1892.

The two years of my stay in Swatow have been crowned with many blessings. Our very beautiful mission compound—the helpful and harmonious companionship of my co-workers—the welcoming of five new workers, one of whom is my own daughter—the two years stay with me of my youngest son, who bears the name of his sainted father—and the prosperity and growth of the general work have been sources of real enjoyment. I now begin to use scripture texts from our colloquial Chinese with some facility, but when I undertake to give a religious talk to these people I feel like one going around an immense building and finding no entrance to it, save a tiny window which one crawls into with great difficulty. I wish I could talk Chinese as well as Assamese. If I attempt to talk or pray the Assamese words always come to me first.

In the hospital wards my Bible woman “Speed” is earnest and effective in personal religious work. She is a most capable woman and I know not how I could carry on my work without her. Many opium smokers come to the hospital to be cured of the dreadful habit. “Speed’s” words of exhortation and encouragement help these miserable patients in their days of agony.

July 18th—I have a class of young men who are studying with a view of becoming our helpers. I hope I may succeed in fitting

them to become valuable assistants to the medical missionaries who may come after me. Thus far I have had to treat all cases, fill all prescriptions and personally care for every patient. If I had not had an iron constitution I never could have endured the work of the past four years. I have often treated one hundred in a single day and have barely had time to swallow my meals. Sometimes I long for a respite from it all, to get away from the vile odors of this filthy land, to breathe once more the pure air of my native land and meet my children, grand children and friends beloved. Yes, sometimes I long with an inexpressible longing to be present at the services of the dear First Baptist Church in Cleveland—to grasp the hands of dear Christian friends and tell them how thankful they should be that they do not live in China. And then I think of the great work here—of the millions who have never known the joy of redeeming love—of my Master's command, "Go ye," and then my heart yearns over these people whom I love, and I pray to be used many years in this great work; and I am glad to stay on.

April, 1894.

Was on the point of starting for Am Po to join my daughter in a country trip when quite to my surprise she entered our house looking very pale and worn. Her house boat was struck by lightning at midnight the night be-

fore and an electrical storm of great severity lasted for six hours. The boat was so badly damaged it could go no farther. One boatman was burned in the leg by the passage of the current. My heart overflows with thanksgiving that the precious life of my daughter is spared. The boatmen say, "surely the true God must care for Miss Scott or she could not have lived through the terrible experiences of that dreadful storm." Three days later she and I took my boat and went to Am Po, and from thence to many other towns healing the sick and preaching the gospel.

April 30th—Took possession of the cottage at Kit Yang which Dr. Ashmore has recently had built for that station. How homelike and comfortable it is. Now good bye to rats and vermin and damp dark rooms. I hope I may now also say good bye to my tantalizing rheumatism and to sleepless nights.

October—Our hospital building at Kit Yang is now ready for use. In comparison with the place in the city we have been using for four years, this new building on the bank of the river seems palatial. Bright sunny rooms, a real board floor instead of damp mouldy tiles, and real glass windows instead of little slits in the wall, make my present quarters comfortable indeed. This hospital has been built through the generosity of the Woman's Society of the West and Mrs. Sherman of Spencerport, N. Y. The land for the site

largely the gift of the Ashmores of our mission. Our dwelling house in Swatow, built two years ago, has been my delightful home while carrying on my medical work at that place. Ohio friends and the Society of the West came to our aid when four of the missionaries were homeless, and Miss Dunwiddie, Dr. Ross, my daughter and myself. took possession of it as soon as it was finished. It is all we can ask for in a home. Our daily routine in the medical work is as follows: At 9 o'clock the native preacher calls the patients together for services in the chapel. In-patients and out-patients in large numbers gather to listen to the true doctrine. Our hospital is called the "True Doctrine Healing Place." After the service preachers and Bible women are busy in personal religious work among the waiting dispensary patients, while I am more than busy with ailments to be treated—fevers of many kinds, tumors, cancers, leprosy, beri-beri, stricture of the esophagus, ulcers, abcesses and eye diseases.

October—I am having the rare privilege of my daughter's help and companionship for a week at Kit Yang. One afternoon while visiting in the homes of the Chinese she found a young man apparently in a dying condition, and according to Chinese custom he had been placed on the floor to die. He had been starved for ten days in order "to kill the fever." He seemed a hopeless case, but the Lord blessed the means used and he

is now in a fair way to recovery. His mother has taken down the idolatrous objects from their house and seems a true believer; and the convalescent son says he can never again worship idols. A well-to-do man living near the hospital has been seriously ill and is now recovering. He and his whole family listen eagerly to the Doctrine. Two years ago, among the many opium-smokers who came to the Swatow hospital, was one most forlorn case from Kit Yang. He gave up the opium habit and became an earnest Christian. He has been the means of bringing three others to Christ, and all four are now members of the Kit Yang church. Two literary graduates are now in the Swatow hospital to be cured of the opium habit and seem deeply interested in gospel truth.

My Bible-woman recently found a woman who had been put on the floor to die. She was wasted to a skeleton, almost—was covered with vermin and had been starved for twenty days. The Bible woman cleansed her and put her back to bed and I undertook to cure her. She is now getting well and has received the truth with joy. And thus the work moves on—no big results, but with some encouragements and here and there one of the many patients brought into the light of the new faith. “Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?”

I am now trying to run two hospitals and

two dispensaries besides seeing many patients in their homes. I am sometimes a whole day and night with a confinement case. Those who have done this kind of work in Chinese homes know how exceedingly trying it is. I cannot begin to do justice to the work and shall be glad indeed when Dr. Josephine Bixby arrives to take over the Kit Yang work. Our capable and much-loved Dr. Alice Ross was compelled by ill-health to return to the home land.

The medical class of six are doing well—they are entirely self-supporting. I am sometimes weary *in* the work, but never weary *of* it.

I am delighted with the articles for my hospital sent by Ohio friends. So many lovely bandages! This morning I had occasion to use one and inside the roll I found the name of "Annie Allison." The patients asked me what the bit of paper meant, and I told them a dear little Christian girl had made that bandage for them and had put her name inside the roll. You should have heard their words of surprise: "And do Christian children care for us poor sick Chinese people?" This gave me a grand opportunity to tell them of the love and compassion of Jesus and of those who are His true followers.

Dec. 1st—Dr. Bixby, whom we joyfully welcomed last month, is with us for a few days at Kit Yang. She has had unusually good training in eye diseases and is in every way a valuable ac-

quisition to this work. She will take charge of the Kit Yang work soon. Our Society allows its medical missionaries only six months for study of the language without responsibility.

February 19, 1895.

Among the patients today was a very respectable looking Chinese gentleman who four years ago was cured in the Swatow hospital. He then heard the Word, became a believer, and is soon to be baptized. He has been the means of leading eight others to become believers. At service met the young man who was cured last year after being placed on the floor to die. He and his brother are regular attendants at the chapel. During the week Dr. Bixby and I treated more than a thousand patients at Kit Yang—Dr. Bixby taking charge of the numerous eye cases.

Feb. 28th—On reaching Swatow I found a number of patients in my hospital who had come from the Island of Namoa. They are very interesting cases. Several of the women are here for surgical operations. I hope their coming may lead to their conversion and the opening of our work in that island.

April 12th—At Phan thai. Attended fifty patients at the chapel this morning, and in the afternoon went to a village two miles away to see an old woman who had been beaten by her husband, son and daughter-in-law—all three combining

against one feeble old woman! I hope she will recover. All along the way there were throngs of patients. I never enter their dark filthy houses, where the pigs have their abode and are cared for more tenderly than the children, without a shudder and an exceeding joy that I am not a Chinese woman. Their poor hearts are as narrow and dark as their houses. One old woman sat in her door-way. She seemed desolate and forlorn, and in answer to my questions said she was eighty years old, and her only joy lay in the fact that she had four sons and eight grand-sons.

Earthquakes, typhoons, bubonic plague, cholera, and uprisings among the members of the secret societies remind us that this is not our rest. My great wish is that "Christ may be magnified in my body whether by life or by death." And oh, that these poor suffering Chinese might see how much they need a Saviour and Salvation!

Some time ago there was brought to the Swatow hospital a beggar woman who had been bitten by a mad dog. Her husband is an opium smoker, and as a result, the whole family are poverty stricken. She had heard the doctrine from our Bible-women and was an earnest, though ignorant, Christian. "Speed" has watched over her with tender care. She had fever when she was brought into the ward and we watched anxiously to see if hydrophobia symptoms must follow the bite of the mad dog. Fortunately she

escaped this dreadful calamity and is now in pretty good health. Speed has taught her to repeat from memory nearly the whole of John's gospel and is now teaching her to read the New Testament in Chinese colloquial. This woman's name is "Pomegranite," and my daughter has taken her into the training class, hoping she may become a Bible woman. Pomegranite has a son who is a deaf mute and Speed has taught him by signs much of Christian truth. His mother taught him to bow in prayer as soon as she herself learned to pray. This lad seems deeply grieved when he finds the heathen patients with idols and superstitious charms. He eagerly seeks Speed and indicates to her his desire that she teach these people not to worship any but the true God. He is happy when the idols are cast aside and the patients bow with him in prayer.

January 1, 1900.

Five years have passed since my last record in my journal. During most of that period my medical work has gone on much as before, save that Dr. Bixby has cared for the Kit Yang work and I have given my time to Swatow. In the spring of 1898 my daughter and I went for a short furlough to our native land. I had been eight and a half years with scarcely any change and rest and was badly broken down. Dr. Bixby took charge of my work while I was away. I cannot begin to express my joy and ecstatic hap-

piness while in the blessed land of my ancestors. When my daughter and I returned, we gladly took up the work we had laid down for a season. It was hard for me to again part with children and grandchildren, but it is a great comfort to me that Mary is with me and that dear Miss Wilkinson has come to be her co-worker and a member of our household.

July 18th—The Boxer movement has broken out in the North and all China is in a state of turmoil and insurrection. At the request of our mission, five ladies and four children of our mission left China for a time. Miss Wilkinson, Mary and I went to Japan.

October—The story of this fearful summer is fresh in the minds of all. Many of the Lord's servants have fallen into the hands of the Boxers—some have been sawn asunder—others roasted alive and their ashes scattered to the winds. The Legations have now been rescued and the worst seems over. I believe God will use even this fiery trial for the reformation and Christianization of China. "God is in His heaven; all's well with the world." The steadfastness of the native Christians during the terrible persecution has had a telling influence in favor of Christianity. The people everywhere are more ready to hear the Gospel than ever before and our preachers and Bible women are doing good and faithful work.

May 7, 1901.

My precious daughter was this day married to Rev. Geo. H. Waters of our mission, an eminently suitable and happy match. Mary has given eleven years of faithful service to the work of the Woman's Society of the West—she will now be as true a missionary as before but in a different line.

October 30, 1902.

Our sweet baby boy, Edward Henry Waters, came to us this day. He is named for his grandfathers, Major Henry Waters and Rev. Edward Payson Scott.

Nov. 3rd—Our little Edward Henry only remained with us five brief days. His loss is hard to bear, but he is happy and safe with Jesus and his grandfather Scott. My health is far from good. I know not how much longer I can remain on in this climate. The dampness affects me sorely, and only during four months of the year do I feel at all well—eight months I am unfit for work and it is very trying for me to see so much to be done and be so unable to do it. My plan is to return home in 1903 and spend the remainder of my life in Christian work there. I have promise that Dr. Worley will come to take the medical work. His coming and the generous aid given for the erection of a much needed hospital building have greatly cheered and encouraged me. How much I have to be thankful for!

January, 1903.

Nine students who have graduated from the medical class have taken the regular course of four terms of seven months each and two years of practical work in the hospital and dispensary. They are all druggists as well as doctors. We must make our own tinctures, powders, pills, etc., etc. as a mission hospital cannot afford to buy these ready made. The reports we get of the good work being done by these trained helpers are very gratifying. I wish we had at least fifty such in this Swatow district. Many, many lives might thus be saved. This medical work for Chinese patients grows dearer to me each day.

I must not forget to tell my journal the glad event of Pomegranite's husband having come to the hospital to be cured of the opium habit. He was successfully cured and never touched the drug for two years—indeed, until the day of his death. He died last summer of bubonic plague. He had become a Christian, and was willing and glad to go to his Saviour. In his last illness his heathen neighbors urged him to take opium, but he stoutly declined, saying, "I am not afraid to die, but I am afraid of that horrid drug."

Pomegranite is now one of our best Bible women and is on the regular Bible women's force under the charge of Miss Hyde and Miss Sollman. Her eldest son is a deacon in our church, and the deaf and dumb son is a faithful church member.

Behold how great a work Christianity has done for a heathen family!

March—I have had a very satisfactory talk with the deacon from White Pagoda village. He was one of my first patients in China. He was brought to the Swatow hospital apparently blind and in a most emaciated and poverty-stricken condition. Behold what a change! Then a heathen—now a Christian deacon; then a great physical sufferer—now a well and useful man. One eye was too far gone to save, the other was improved to such an extent that it does him good service. After he had been four months in the hospital he begged the privilege of going to his native village to let his wife, mother and aged grand mother see what the foreign doctor could do for him. During these months in the hospital he had learned to read his Bible and to love Christ. He had worked at the hospital as watchman and janitor long enough to earn money to buy himself a new suit of clothes. Clad in his new garments and with a Testament and hymn book under his arm, he enters his native village. His neighbors and relations do not recognize him, and when convinced that he was the forlorn-looking man who left them a few months before, their surprise was great indeed. The aged mother said, “You went away a helpless invalid—you return a well man in good clothes—the foreign doctor has made a man of you.” “Yes,”

he replied, "better than all that she has made me to know Christ, and I am a Christian." And then and there he preached to them all of the saving power of the Christian religion. All of his family and several of his village men became Christians through his influence. He has two bright little girls, Anna and Ruth. He loves Scripture names.

October—Among those recently baptized is an ex-opium smoker. Three years ago he gave up the opium while a patient in the hospital and became a Christian. Since then he has labored earnestly to persuade others to give up the habit. He has talked the true Doctrine to his family and neighbors and his wife and several of his neighbors have professed faith in Christ. The day of his baptism he came to me, almost leaping over the seats of our chapel and exclaimed, "Rejoice with me—they have received me into the church at last—I have applied five times and they have been afraid I might use opium again, and hence have refused to accept me. But today I am a baptized believer and am very, very happy, and you are the one who through Christ's love, has made me what I am."

The church is, rightfully, very cautious in receiving these ex-opium smokers.

January, 1904.

I am delighted with the many useful articles sent by Dr. Worley for our new hospital. Such

beautiful new comforts, and so many bandages, Scripture rolls, cards and scrap-books. We have with great joy welcomed Dr. and Mrs. Worley. May they long be a part of our Swatow working force! The new hospital will soon be finished and it is a joy to leave its many interests in such good and capable hands.

Feb. 6th—The time draws near when I must retire from this work—my strength is altogether inadequate for such service. It is with sincere regret that I leave it. For nearly fifteen years it has enlisted my heart's deepest interests and joy. I wish I were young and strong and could give forty years more to it. I hope the friends who have so nobly aided me will be as royal and loyal helpers to my successors. The native Christians are dear to me and it is not easy to leave them. I have much sympathy with their short-comings. I think we missionaries should pray for much of that charity that suffereth long and is kind, and we should remember what infinite compassion and patience our Master has had with us. These Chinese people have ages of darkness and superstition back of them and it is wonderful that the converts are as good and reliable as we find them. The parting from Mary, George and the dear baby who came to us Nov. 15th, will be hard. But I rejoice that Mary and George are still in mission work here.

To the W. B. F. M. S. W. I owe more than I

can express. They have been my staunch and true friends and I have always been able to trust in their good judgment. Their work will always be very dear to me, and I trust I may be of some use to them, even after I retire from the medical work at Swatow. The home work and the foreign are one: Both have "one steadfast high intent, one harvest song, one king omnipotent." I will close this journal of my life in China with these words which express my regret in retiring from the work.

"Father, the field is but half turned
And yet my strength is well-nigh spent."

"My child, the hour of rest is earned,
Thy day's work done, go home content.
Though other hands should till this soil,
Thy work is done, go home content."



WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY
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1318 Masonic Temple - Chicago, Ills.

PRICE 10 CENTS.



P. C. MANTEUFFEL, PRINTER, 922 W. LAKE ST. CHICAGO.

